**My Daughter, The Nudist**

by Djmac1031

*A father must come to terms with his daughters new lifestyle.*

**Forward:**

"Leah! What the hell???"

My daughter had been home from her summer trip to Europe less than twenty-four hours, and here she was, walking around the house, stark naked.

"Didn't I tell you, Daddy? I'm a nudist now."

If this were a movie, this would be the point where the image freeze frames, the record needle scratches, and the voice over comes in:

"I bet you're wondering how this all started. Let's rewind to the beginning."

When Leah had asked to go on the trip overseas several months ago, I'd been hesitant. She'd only just finished her first year of college, and I'd barely seen her in all that time.

I had no idea who she was going with, or where she'd be staying, and I worried about her traveling abroad.

Leah had grown up to be a very smart, independent young woman, but to me she was still just my little girl, one I was very protective of.

Her mother had already approved the trip with her usual casual, complete dismissal of my feelings on the subject.

We divorced two years ago because of it. Well, that and the fact that she'd been banging her aerobics instructor behind my back.

But Peg and I had both spoiled our daughter growing up, and Leah had become very accustomed to getting her own way. It didn't take long to get me to cave.

And so I'd sent Leah the funds, and off she went.

That was back in June. It was now the third week of August, and Leah had returned home to spend the remains of the summer at my place (Peg was off on her own vacation somewhere, probably with that asshole aerobics instructor) before going back to college in September.

Her flight had arrived late last night, and while I could have just sent a car, I'd decided instead to pick her up myself.

I barely recognized Leah when she got off the plane. The teenager who wore baggy jeans and boy band tee-shirts had been replaced by a tall, curvy young woman in skin tight leather pants and an even tighter white halter top. I was horrified when I realized she wasn't wearing a bra. Her apparently newly pierced nipples stood out quite clearly beneath it.

Her usually long, natural brown hair was now short and bright pink. She'd also gotten a nose ring at some point.

Still, she looked beautiful. Her dark green eyes lit up when she saw me. "Daddy!" I tried to ignore the feel of her breasts against my chest as she hugged me.

"Welcome home, princess." I'd been calling her that since she was an infant. I'd originally wanted to name her "Leia," after the Star Wars character, but Peg insisted we spell it more traditionally. I'd given in, (as I would many more times over the years,) but the "princess" moniker stuck.

If the childhood term of endearment bothered her now as an adult, Leah never said so. "Thanks for picking me up. I'm so tired after that flight. Glad I didn't have to wait for an Uber."

"Of course, it was no problem," I smiled, letting her go. "Let's grab your bags and get you home."

We talked about her trip on the way. She'd stayed at one of her friends' summer place in France with a group of several others from college, along with a few more local students.

"I'm definitely gonna have to study my French harder this year if I wanna go back again next summer," she said.

I groaned inwardly, thinking about having to pay for that trip, too. But we had money. Our family law firm goes back several generations, and we've done pretty well for ourselves.

Of course, I wanted Leah to be able to go out and experience the world before she settled down into whatever career path she would finally choose.

That said, I worried about just how much she'd "experienced" while away. But while her looks had certainly changed, she still acted like the daughter I'd always known and loved.

Leah was half asleep by the time we got home. "I'm so exhausted, I'm just gonna go right to bed. Goodnight, Daddy," she yawned, giving me a peck on the cheek before retiring to the room I'd kept for her.

I'd planned the next several days off to be able to spend some time with Leah while she was home, but a lawyer's work is never truly done, and I wound up sorting through and responding to several client emails before finally retiring for the evening myself.

Sleep, however, came slowly. My thoughts were of Leah, and the drastic change in her appearance since last I'd seen her. She'd gone from sweet and innocent looking to, well... sultry.

Neither Peg nor I were prudish when it came to sex, and we were both very open and frank when it came to discussing those things with our daughter growing up; teaching her not to be ashamed of her body, or her sexuality.

But of course a father naturally keeps a certain distance from those things as their daughters get older, and we don't really wanna KNOW just what they're up to, or with who.

Still, I couldn't help but now wonder just who she'd been hanging around with all summer, and what a villa full of young adults with money and freedom from parental constraints would get into. All I knew is how crazy MY college years had been, and the multiple wild parties with plenty of young ladies all just as willing to fuck and suck my cock as I was to give it to them.

I shook those memories from my mind. Best not to dwell on it, or on the idea that my own daughter could have... "No, no, don't go there," I thought.

Eventually, I drifted off. Although disturbing dreams troubled me throughout the night.

Normally I'm an early riser, but with the day off, I allowed myself the luxury of sleeping in. I awoke late, but still not entirely rested. I decided coffee was in order, stat.

On my way downstairs, I passed Leah's room, and could hear her shower running. Apparently she'd slept in, too.

I knocked loudly, then cautiously cracked the door. "Leah? I'm making breakfast. Want anything special?"

"Got waffles and strawberries?" Leah's voice echoed from her bathroom.

"Of course. I knew you were coming, remember?"

I could hear her laughter lilting over the sound of running water. "You know me so well. Oh! And coffee?"

"On it!" Closing her door, I made my way down to the kitchen.

The coffee was brewed and I was just finishing up the waffles when Leah walked in.

Completely naked.

"Leah, what the hell???" I stood, stunned, for a full second before turning my back to her.

It wasn't fast enough. I'd seen everything:

Her full breasts swaying and bouncing ever so slightly with her steps. Her nipples, pink and puffy, each with a matching adornment of silver barbells.

The small unicorn tattoo on her left breast, just by her cleavage.

Her belly button sported yet another piercing. And I was pretty sure I'd seen something sparkling between her legs as well just before I'd turned.

"Didn't I tell you, Daddy? I'm a nudist now." She said it as casually as someone would mention what they'd had for breakfast.

Breakfast! The waffles were burning! I needed to turn off the waffle iron, but to do so meant turning to my daughter again.

Leah still stood there as if it were completely normal to be buck naked in front of her own father.

"What do you mean, you're a NUDIST now???" I barked as I pulled the darkened waffles off the iron. "That's not something you just spring on someone, especially your father, in the middle of his kitchen! Jesus! Go upstairs and put some damn clothes on!"

To my shock, Leah simply laughed. "Oh, Daddy, you're overreacting. It's really not a big deal."

"OVERREACTING?" My voice rose in pitch as I struggled to avert my eyes from her while still trying to salvage breakfast. "Leah, you're my daughter, for Christ's sake! I really shouldn't be seeing you like this!"

"Why not?" she shot back. "Families in France go naked around each other all the time, no one even bats an eye."

"Well we're not in France," I snapped. "Now, please, go put some clothes on! This is insane!"

"No."

Her reply stunned me. I'd been doing my best to look at anything else, but now I made myself fully face her.

"What did you say?"

"I said, no." She stood stubborn, defiant, her arms folded across her ample chest. It was the same pose she used to make as a child when she'd refuse to go to bed on time.

I could barely contain my rising anger. "Leah, march your bare ass upstairs RIGHT now and get dressed, or so help me, I'll..."

"You'll what?" Leah smirked. "Ground me? Spank me? Send me to bed without dessert?"

My jaw dropped. "I'll... I'll call your mother."

Leah laughed. "Go ahead. I already told her about this weeks ago. She's okay with it. In fact, she's probably on a nude beach somewhere right now with her boyfriend. Bet you didn't know that!"

My mind was reeling. "You told her??? But you deliberately waited to spring it on me like this? That's really not fair to me, at all. Besides, I bet your mother didn't think you'd remain a nudist around your own father!"

"Why are you so afraid to see me naked?"

"Because... because... I just... shouldn't! It's not appropriate!"

"Says who?" Leah spat. "A morally repressive society that guilts women into feeling embarrassed about their bodies? That calls us sluts and whores if we show too much skin? That shames us for our sexuality while simultaneously exploiting us for it?"

"Says a FATHER who is really uncomfortable right now! Now please, I'm begging you; go get dressed. We can talk about this over breakfast, but I can't concentrate with you flaunting your body around like this! Aren't you the least bit embarrassed???"

Leah's face went from smug to pouty. "Flaunting? Embarrassed? Daddy, are you body shaming me? You and Mom always said a woman should never have to feel ashamed about her body, or her sexuality."

"I'm not trying to SHAME you, just..." I stopped mid-sentence, completely flustered. Why was she fighting me so hard on this?

"Fine," I snapped. "Breakfast is ready. I guess you'll be eating it alone."

I was halfway upstairs when I realized I'd stormed out without even getting my coffee, let alone food.

Frustrated and angry, I went back downstairs, grabbed my keys and headed off to a local coffee shop.

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I returned an hour later to a quiet house. Leah was nowhere to be seen. Which I was thankful for, given her sudden refusal to wear clothing.

Not wanting to deal with her at the moment, I decided to distract myself with work. I settled in my office and spent the next two hours doing some tedious paperwork I'd been putting off. Anything to keep me from thinking about Leah.

The knock at the door startled me. "Dad? Can I come in?"

I hesitated before responding. "Are you dressed?"

"Yes," came her soft reply.

I sighed. I really wasn't prepared for this. "Okay. Come in."

Leah entered, clad in a long, fluffy bathrobe. I suppose technically one could call that "dressed." Still, I was wary as she sat down in the chair opposite my desk.

An awkward silence hung in the air for several moments before she spoke. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have sprung it on you like that. I didn't think of your feelings or your reaction, and I should have."

"Yes, you should have," I agreed. "Look, Leah, I've tried my best to stay out of your personal life. I let you make your own decisions on what you do, where you go, who you see.

"I don't know who you were hanging around with all summer, or what you were up to. But I can't imagine how you wound up with this crazy notion that you could just walk around here naked and not even THINK for one moment how it might affect me."

"And how DID it affect you, Daddy?"

I looked at her sternly. "What do you mean, how did it affect me? It upset me terribly, couldn't you tell?"

"I mean, how ELSE did it affect you?"

I was very confused by her questioning. "Leah, what are you getting at?"

Leah looked me dead in the eye. "Did seeing me naked turn you on?"

"What??? Of course not! Why would you ever even THINK that?"

"Then WHY are you SO upset by it? Be honest."

I sat back, utterly flustered. "Because fathers aren't supposed to see their adult daughters naked!"

"And yet they do in other countries," she countered, "and the daughters see their dads, their brothers, total strangers, all the time! Nudity is natural, not shameful! But you're acting like you're ashamed of me!"

"I'm not ASHAMED of you, It's just..."

"Then WHAT???"

"Because I'm afraid it WILL turn me on, Leah!" The words had left my mouth before I could stop them. Horrified, I dropped my head in shame.

I thought Leah would be upset. Instead, she responded softly, "See? Was that so difficult to admit?"

I glanced up cautiously. She was looking directly at me. "Are you afraid you'll get so turned on at the mere sight of a naked young woman that you'd lose control? Touch me inappropriately? RAPE me?"

"Leah," my voice cracked, "you know I'd never..."

"Daddy, relax. You may not have always been around, but when you were, you were a good father. And I know you've never so much as thought about me... that way. So what makes you think you will now?"

"Because..." Again my words halted. I didn't know where she was going with this, let alone how to answer.

"Look, princess," I began again, "I've never sexualized you. You're my daughter, and I don't see you like that. But if you're walking around naked, I'm not gonna be able to help but look, and I'm truly afraid of where my mind might go. I'm also afraid of what YOU might think, if you catch me staring too long. That you'd think I was perving on you or something."

"Would you ever act on it if you DID think about it?" Leah asked.

"Of course not! You know I'd never lay a finger on you."

"Then stop worrying about it so much."

With that Leah stood. "Maybe you just need to get it out of your system."

"Get what out of my system?"

Leah began taking off her robe. "Sexualizing me."

"Leah, please, don't," I objected, but it was already too late. She was again nude, fully exposed in front of me. I turned my head away instinctively.

"Daddy," Leah said firmly, "look at me. LOOK at me."

Slowly, reluctantly, I faced her, trying to look only at her face.

"Look at my body," she said, pointing, "Look, these are my breasts. They have nipples, right here, see? And this is my stomach. And my hips. And down here? These are my sex organs. My vulva, my labia, my clitoris, my vagina."

I wanted to tear my eyes away, but couldn't. I felt hypnotized.

"Oh, I almost forgot," she continued, spinning around. "This is my ass. My glutes, my buttocks." She bent forward. "And in between there? That's my anus."

"Okay, enough," I snapped. "No need to be a wiseass. I know anatomy."

She turned to me again, grinning wickedly. "So, what do you think?"

"I think you've been far too busy at the piercing parlor," I quipped.

She ignored my criticism. "Do you like what you see? Does it turn you on?"

"Jesus, Leah, stop it, you're my..."

"If I wasn't your daughter," she interrupted, "if I was just a woman you met on the street. You'd think about me sexually, right?"

I shook my head. "But you're not some stranger, Leah. You're just not."

"Admit it, Daddy," she smirked. "You're turned on by looking at me, aren't you?"

My cock was throbbing in my pants. "No," I lied.

Leah looked doubtful. "Well, okay then. If that's true, show me."

Part of me wanted to. Some deep, dark voice, cackling like Emperor Palpatine in my ear. "DO IT."

My cock agreed, struggling desperately to break free from its cloth prison.

I reached for my belt buckle. I froze as her face twisted in apprehension.

Then the good angel perched on my other shoulder spoke up. "Look at her. For all her talk, she's frightened. Are you really about to flash your own daughter? Show her what a monstrous pervert you are?"

No. No, of course not.

"Please," I pleaded, "just go."

A flash of relief crossed her face and, nodding, she left the room without a word.

I hung my head, ashamed at how close I'd come.

I waited for several minutes before exiting the office. Leah was nowhere to be seen as I made my way upstairs to my bedroom.

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"Phil, just relax. You're making far too big a thing over this."

I'd finally managed to get my ex on the phone and as usual, Peg was blowing off my feelings. "She just wants your attention. Spend time with her, do something with your daughter for a change. Get her out of the house. At least that will force her to put some clothes on," she laughed.

"How can you LAUGH at this?" I barked.

"Because I enjoy the idea of your neglect of your daughter growing up coming back and biting you in the ass," Peg snipped. "You can't buy your way out of this one, Phil. You're gonna have to deal with her on your own. I'm certainly not cutting MY vacation short to rush home to your rescue."

"I certainly wasn't expecting it," I grunted. "Enjoy yourself, Peg. That's always what you've been best at." I hung up before she could reply.

I sat on my bed, frustrated. I'd hoped Peg would at least have a talk with Leah about all this, make her understand how inappropriate she was being, and how uncomfortable it was making me. Instead, she was taking Leah's side. Or at the very least, staying out of it so she could enjoy my suffering. I was on my own, with no idea how to proceed.

Peg did have one good idea; getting Leah out of the house. Maybe we could start by going out to dinner.

I left my room and went down the hall. Tentatively, I knocked on Leah's door.

She was, of course, still naked when she opened it. "Yes?" Her eyes fixed on me, wondering if she was about to receive another scolding.

"I was wondering if you wanted to go out for dinner. I was thinking maybe The Lacroix?"

Leah stood there, her hand on the curve of her bare hip. My eyes drifted lower, and noticed for the first time the natural tuft of pubic hair that matched her normally brown locks. And that I'd been right about a piercing down there. A small silver ring hung from her clitoral hood, looking like a tiny door knocker. In a way, I suppose it was.

"Don't you need a reservation?" My eyes quickly jumped back upwards to find Leah grinning at me. I'd been caught staring, but she didn't seem to mind.

"I... I know the owner. I'm sure he can squeeze us in."

Leah looked sideways as if thinking it over and, while she thought, stretched her arms upwards, her firm, ripe breasts jutting out as she arched her back. They bounced ever so subtly with her movements.

"Sure," she finally spoke, finishing her stretch. "When did you wanna leave?"

"Whenever you're, you know... ready."

"Guess I'll get dressed." Leah turned away, but didn't close the door. I stood transfixed, watching the sway of her ass and hips as she walked to her closet. She paused from rifling through her outfits to catch my gaze yet again. "You going like that?"

"Oh, um, no. I'll... go change too."

She gave me a knowing smile then returned her attention to her wardrobe. Reluctantly, I tore myself away and went to change into some dinner attire.

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We spent most of dinner chatting about her summer. Leah filled me in on all the places she'd visited, sights she'd seen, foods she'd tried etc.

I had a tough time focusing, to be honest, because my mind was elsewhere. Specifically, it dwelt on the little black dress she was wearing, sexy yet classy, and the fact that I now was far more familiar with exactly what she looked like underneath it.

Over dessert, I finally brought it up. "Leah, look, I don't want to fight over this anymore, but I really need to know. What got you started on this whole nudism thing? And why is it SO important to you that you insist on doing it at home despite my objections?"

Leah mused over her answer while finishing a bite of Red Velvet cheesecake. "It started simply enough I guess. All the women at the beach we frequented were at least topless if not fully naked. When my friends and I finally got up the nerve to shed our suits, the only guys to really make a thing over it were the American ones. But they certainly weren't complaining," she smirked.

"From there, we started sunbathing nude back at the villa as well, guys and girls. After a while, people just stopped putting their clothes back on, even inside."

"And you didn't feel... weird about it?" I asked.

"I did at first," she admitted. "But I was also, well... excited by the idea. Not sexually, really. Although several of the American guys were, it was tough for them to hide it. And I won't lie and say it NEVER got sexual, because of course it did. But I'm sure you don't really want to hear the details, do you?"

I shook my head, even as a dark voice inside cried out, desperately wanting to hear her sordid details. "No, of course not. As long as it was, you know, safe. And consensual."

Leah nodded. "I appreciate your concern. But I'm a big girl now, I can handle myself. And I choose my friends wisely."

"I can respect that," I said. "What I'm having a tough time with is why you can't respect my feelings. I mean, if you want to be naked in the privacy of your own room, or when I'm not home, that's fine. But can't you at least cover up around me?"

Leah sighed and rolled her eyes. "Tell you what, I'll make you a deal. Forty-eight hours. Give yourself forty-eight hours to get used to it.

"Over the next two days, you let me walk around however I wish without objections. You can look, not look, get naked too, stay clothed, whatever you want, I don't care.

"If after two days you're still so uncomfortable you can't deal with it, I promise I'll at least wear a robe or some kind of cover up when I know you'll be around me.

"I can't guarantee you'll never see me naked after that of course; maybe coming out of the shower or whatever, but I'll do my best to be mindful about it. Deal?"

Sullenly, I contemplated her offer. "And if I refuse?"

Leah sighed. "Then I'll find somewhere else to stay until school starts."

"Depending on who you stay with, you'll probably have to remain clothed there, too," I pointed out.

"Mom already said I can stay at her place while she's gone," Leah stated. "I'd have the house to myself. But I came here to see you, Dad. I'd rather stay, spend time together. But only if you're at least willing to give it a try."

"Fine," I sighed. "Forty-eight hours. I can't make any promises, but I will try my best to be accepting."

"Thank you, Daddy," Leah beamed.

As I paid our bill and we left the restaurant, I couldn't help but wonder just what I'd gotten myself into.

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"Can you unzip me? I can't wait to get out of this thing."

We'd only just arrived home and already Leah was about to strip.

To my surprise, Leah left the dress on as she turned to face me. While it had slipped somewhat from her breasts, she remained fully clothed as she kissed my cheek. "Goodnight, Daddy. Thanks for dinner. Our forty-eight hours starts tomorrow."

With that she turned and went upstairs.

I sat on the couch, my thoughts a storm.

Could I really spend the next two days with my daughter walking around naked without getting aroused?

I guess I was about to find out.

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I awoke late the next morning, and even from the second floor I could smell the scent of coffee and bacon.

Leah must already be up.

Sluggishly I got out of bed. Making my way to my bathroom, I emptied my bladder, splashed some water on my face, ran my fingers through my disheveled hair, and studied myself in the mirror.

I'd slept only in my boxers. I looked over my middle aged but not entirely out of shape body with a critical eye. I could probably use more time at the gym, but I wasn't appalling to look at.

I already knew what I would find when I went downstairs; my attractive young daughter, fully nude in my kitchen, making breakfast.

I'd walked around the house in my underwear countless times before, even less on more than one occasion.

But never with company, and certainly never around my daughter.

But we'd made a deal. And if she was able to be relaxed in her nudity, why shouldn't I be allowed to be comfortable in my own house as well?

Besides, it would be just as good a test as any as to whether or not she truly didn't mind seeing her own father less than fully dressed.

Although I certainly wasn't about to go completely nude.

Trudging downstairs, I was greeted by the sight of Leah at the stove, her bare ass openly facing me. She wore an apron over her chest, tied at the back. Probably a smart thing, considering she was frying bacon.

Her smile was bright as she turned to greet me. "Good morning. Coffee's done, breakfast will be ready in a minute."

She made no comment at all about my state of undress, and despite my desire to simply stand there and admire her perfectly rounded bum, I instead merely returned her greeting and poured myself a cup of fresh coffee.

"Take a seat in the dining room," she instructed, "I'll bring the food out shortly."

When she joined me a few minutes later, the apron was gone. I tried not to focus on the jiggle of her naked breasts as she approached with the plates. "Hungry?"

"Yes, thank you for cooking." My voice was much calmer and steadier than my nerves.

But I'd promised to try, so instead of looking away, I met her eyes as she sat across from me. "So, what would you like to do today?"

I was hoping she'd suggest something that would get us out of the house and of course force her to put on clothes.

My hopes were dashed when she answered. "I'm still a little jetlagged, don't really feel like going anywhere. But it's a beautiful day. I was hoping to spend it by the pool."

"That sounds... nice," I mumbled.

"You should join me. Fresh air and sunshine will do you good."

"I dunno," I shrugged. "I really have some work I need to..."

"Work?" Leah pouted. "I thought you took time off to spend with me!"

"I did, but..."

"Already trying to avoid me," Leah grumbled. "Maybe I should just pack my shit now, go stay at mom's."

"Okay, fine," I sighed, my face in my hands, "I'm sorry. You're right. I'll try harder. The pool sounds lovely."

We finished breakfast and Leah helped me clean up in the kitchen. I surprised myself by how well I was handling things, frankly. Despite being in such close proximity to her, watching her nude body move around as she wiped down the countertop, my penis was behaving itself and was only mildly aroused.

That changed when we eventually made our way out to the pool.

I had put on a swimsuit, of course, and Leah immediately called me on it. "Still don't trust yourself to just let go around me, huh?"

"Hey, I'm doing what you asked; not making a fuss about you being naked," I frowned, "but there was nothing in our agreement that said I HAD to be naked too, so I'd appreciate it if you stopped pressuring me."

"Of course, I'm sorry." Leah took a seat on her lounge chair and started applying suntan lotion. "I just thought this would be a good opportunity for you to get used to the idea. But I'm not going to push you into it if you're not ready."

I was thankful for the sunglasses I'd worn that allowed me to watch her without being totally obvious as she slathered the coconut scented oil on her silky skin. I felt like a pervert, a creepy old man, as my cock began to twitch. Despite my best efforts, I could not help but be aroused by the sight as her hands moved over her body, rubbing her shoulders, breasts, and stomach.

I had to cross my legs when she reached her pubic mound, then down along her legs, parting them as she lotioned her inner thighs, giving me an even more intimate look at her clit piercing as her vulva opened slightly.

"Can you get my back?" Her look was so casual, so innocent. Did she truly not understand how she was affecting me? Or did she simply not care?

Reluctantly, I got up from my lounge. Leah rolled onto her stomach, but that did nothing to ease my torment.

She must have felt my hands shaking as I rubbed the oil on her back, desperately trying not to enjoy the feel of her skin and failing miserably.

As I ran my hands along the small of her back, I had to fight to keep them from traveling lower, over her round, firm bottom. I wanted to grab her ass, kneed it, run my fingers down the crack, explore the treasure hidden beneath it.

For the first time ever, I didn't trust myself around my daughter. And it made me sick to my stomach.

Instead I pulled away. "I think you can handle the rest."

If Leah noticed the erection jutting out in my suit as I stood, she said nothing.

Needing to clear my head, I dove into the pool, the chilly water easing my ache.

I'd never molest my daughter, I knew it in my heart. My arousal by her nudity couldn't be helped. But my actions could. I'd just have to find other outlets to relieve my tension.

It was time to contact Madison.

I swam for several more minutes until I was sure I had my body under control.

Leah had turned on to her back by the time I stepped out, giving me a full frontal view of her incredible body, but I refused to allow my gaze to linger too long.

Instead, I returned to my lounge, found my phone, and sent the text.

"Hey Maddy. I realize this is short notice, but I was wondering if you were available tonight? Whatever time works best for you.

The reply came several minutes later. "Sure thing. I'll be available 7pm if that's ok."

"Perfect. The usual location. I'll make the arrangements."

"Who are you texting?" Leah asked.

I sighed, pretending to be aggravated. "Sorry, princess. Work stuff. Client wants to see me tonight to go over a case, something about a 'new development' that can't wait."

Leah frowned. "I thought you were on vacation."

I offered her my most apologetic smile. "I know, and I'm sorry. But look, I don't have to rush, the meeting isn't until tonight."

I made a show of turning my phone off and putting it aside. "Until then, I'm all yours. Let's just enjoy our day together, okay?"

Leah nodded, still unhappy. "Okay. But you can make up for it by taking me to the beach tomorrow."

"Of course, I'd be happy to. I have no plans at all for tomorrow."

We spent the rest of the day swimming, sunning, and catching up. After lunch, we both decided we'd had enough sun and, after our showers, we wound up playing some chess, something we hadn't done together since she was still in high school.

Once my penis had realized it wasn't going to see any action from the buxom beauty parading herself around so openly all day, it settled into a much more relaxed state during our time together.

At least, that is, until Leah decided it was time to do some yoga.

She of course set up her yoga mat right in the living room, streaming a routine on video to the TV so she could exercise along to it.

"You should join me," she encouraged, "the exercise will do you some good."

"I'm not that flexible, and never will be," I declined. "Besides, I work out at least three times a week, just not yoga."

"Hey, don't knock it till you try it," she replied, "it's great for mind as well as body."

Leah sat stretched out on the mat, her long legs parted slightly as she leaned forward to grab her feet, groaning softly with the effort.

I sat on the couch, watching as she ran through several more poses, each more complex, and revealing, than the last.

When she spun around, planted both feet firmly on the mat and bent at the waist in a pose the instructor on the screen described as "Downward Facing Dog," I'd decided I'd had enough.

"I need to get ready for that client meeting."

I'd already showered earlier, but I decided another quick one was in order, as well as a fresh shave.

Leah was still stretched out on her yoga mat when I came back downstairs about thirty minutes later.

"Look at you," she grinned. "If I didn't know any better, I'd say you were headed out on a date, not a client meeting."

I decided the best reply to that was none. "I'm not sure how late I'll be. You can have dinner delivered if you don't feel like cooking, I'll leave you some cash. Just try not to give the delivery guy a heart attack."

"Oh, you're no fun," Leah laughed wickedly.

"Well, speaking of 'no fun,' I'm off. Not sure how late this meeting will run. Don't wait up."

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"What's wrong, hun?" Madison lay beside me, her hand caressing my chest.

"Nothing," I sighed. "Just been a tense week."

"Well, you've had tense weeks before. But it's never affected your... performance. Anything you wanna talk about?"

Sitting up, I reached for the bottle of brandy I'd picked up on my way to the hotel and poured two snifters. Madison accepted hers with a grateful nod.

"My daughter's home for the next few weeks, and there's just some... drama."

Since my divorce, I'd been seeing several 'escorts,' but Madison was always my favorite, the one I felt most comfortable around. She wasn't just easy on the eyes; she was easy to talk to.

And so I did. Madison sipped her drink while listening to my troubles in rapt attention, and I took a moment to appreciate the humor in telling her about my discomfort with my nudist daughter as she lay there wearing only a sheer nightie that left absolutely nothing to the imagination.

"Well," she said, head tilted in thought, "I've heard some... interesting family stories in my time, but this is certainly a new one!"

Madison declined my offer of a refill. I topped off my own glass then settled back beside her on the bed, slipping my arm around her as she rested her head on my shoulder.

"So do you actually want to fuck her?" she asked suddenly.

"What? No!"

"But her being naked makes you think about it."

I hesitated before answering. "Yes."

Madison moved over me, straddling my lap. Her soft womanhood settled over my still limp penis as she leaned in and kissed my neck. "So pretend I'm her."

I pushed her back from me. "What???"

Madison fixed her dark green eyes on me, and I was suddenly struck by just how much she resembled Leah, not just in the face and eyes, but her body as well.

"Pretend I'm your daughter, " Madison repeated. "You find her attractive, but don't want to cross that line. That's why you called me, isn't it? To get out your sexual frustrations? But it's obviously not working; you're too focused on her to be with me."

Madison cupped my face in her soft hands. "So stop fighting it. Imagine I'm your daughter, right here, right now. In bed with you and willing to do whatever you want. Indulge your fantasy, get it out of your system."

"Wouldn't that be, well... weird? I mean, for you?"

Madison laughed softly, shaking her head. "Oh come on. This wouldn't be the first time I've called you 'Daddy.' Or the first time I've role played someone's daughter."

Words failed me. All I could do was stare as she pulled the thin nightie up over her head, her breasts jiggling as she rocked her hips slowly over my lap. "Come on, Daddy," she purred. "Look at me. Look at your daughter. I'm here, naked and horny, just for you."

Something in my brain finally clicked. Madison was right. This was exactly what I needed.

"You look so beautiful, princess. So curvy, so damn sexy."

Madison brought my hands to her breasts. "I know I do, Daddy. Now touch me, I need you, so bad."

I could feel myself swelling as her hips moved over me, the heat of her warming the sensitive skin of my rapidly expanding cock.

"You're getting hard for me, Daddy," Madison cooed, her voice a mix of innocence and seduction. "I feel it, under my tight little pussy. You wanna fuck me, don't you, Daddy? Fuck your naughty daughter, teach me a lesson, make me pay for torturing and teasing you with my hot, sexy body, flaunting it in front of you, making your cock ache for me."

My cock was indeed aching. Taking a fistful of hair, I pulled her up off of my lap and flipped her over.

Madison, ever the professional, instantly understood my intent. Getting on her hands and knees, she arched her back, presenting herself to me. "Oh, Daddy," she moaned, "are you going to punish me for being such a bad girl?"

"Oh, yes," I grunted, smacking her ass as I positioned myself behind her. "You've been driving your Daddy crazy, and now you're finally going to get what you deserve."

One of the other things I loved about Madison was how naturally wet she got. Her arousal was just as real as mine, and I plunged into her easily.

Our coupling was aggressive, frantic, but never utterly out of control. Rough sex normally didn't appeal to me, and as invested as I'd become in our role-playing, I certainly didn't want to actually hurt her.

I did give her quite the pounding, though, and to her credit, Madison took it quite eagerly, never once breaking character. "Yes, harder, Daddy! Fuck me harder! Spank my ass! Oh, yes, do it again! Harder! Oh, that's it, Daddy, fuck me with your big Daddy dick!"

In a blink, all my anger and frustrations melted away. I found myself laughing uncontrollably.

Madison looked back at me with an adorable toss of her head. "What's so funny?"

"Nothing," I answered once I'd managed to catch my breath. "It's just... 'Big Daddy Dick' was a little over the top, don't ya think?"

Madison grinned widely. "Hey, it was working though, right?"

"It was," I said, my tone calmer, more caring, "but I think I've gotten my aggressions out now."

Rolling her on to her back, I lay over her and kissed her gently.

"You wanna make love to me now, Daddy?"

"Yes, princess. I would love that."

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"You sure you can't stay?" Madison was still cuddled up under the blankets when I came out of the shower.

"Tempting," I replied as I finished dressing, "but I told Leah I'd be home tonight, and I'm supposed to take her to the beach tomorrow. I'm sure she'll want to get an early start."

"Well, thanks for dinner. And for letting me keep the room."

"Of course, darlin'," I smiled, kissing her forehead, "the least I could do. Anything you want, room service, drinks at the bar; just put it on my tab."

Madison got out of bed, still naked, and slipped into my arms. "How long is Leah home for?"

"At least two more weeks."

"So I should expect to be hearing from you again soon?"

I chuckled softly, and, grabbing her bare bottom, gave her a more proper kiss this time. "Probably."

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I arrived home shortly before midnight to find Leah still awake, on the couch, watching TV.

And of course, she was still naked.

"Hey, you're home earlier than I thought," she greeted me. "How was your... client meeting?"

I was beginning to suspect she didn't believe my cover story. "Fine. Boring. Nothing that couldn't have waited. But hey, billable hours."

Leah patted the seat next to her. "Well, I'm glad you're home. Come, sit, watch TV with me."

Despite having released all my sexual frustrations with Madison, I was hesitant. Still, I'd promised her to try. "What are we watching?"

"It's called 'Room In Rome.' Spanish film, lesbian romance, you'll hate it."

I did not, in fact, hate it. Although it wasn't exactly the kind of thing I normally watched.

While the two lead actresses spent a majority of the film nude, the sex scenes were relatively tame, especially compared to porn.

It was awkward of course, sitting next to my naked daughter while watching two nude women roll around on the bed. But at least I wasn't sporting an erection, or imagining either of them as Leah.

When it was over, Leah excused herself to bed, reminding me of our plans to go to the beach the next morning before kissing me goodnight.

I retired to my own room, and it was only then, now alone with my thoughts, that I again struggled to control the sexual images that kept jumping unwarranted to the fore.

I tossed and turned for some time before finally reaching for my phone.

"Hey, Madison, you still awake?"

"Yes, hun, why? What's up?"

"I know it's late, but would you be up for a quick Zoom session? I can Venmo you the funds."

To her credit, Madison understood the situation immediately.

"Sure, Daddy. 😉 Couldn't get enough of me, huh?"

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"I still don't understand why we couldn't just go to the beach closer to home," I grumbled as I trudged along the long, sandy pathway between the dunes.

"Oh, stop complaining," said Leah. "Trust me, this beach is so much nicer, and far less crowded with kids and tourists."

As we crested the dune, the pathway opened up to a view of the beach, the bright blue of the ocean off in the distance.

Just at the end of the path was a sign: "ATTENTION: CLOTHING OPTIONAL BEACH. BEYOND THIS POINT YOU MAY SEE NUDE SUNBATHERS."

I should have known.

Leah caught my look before I could open my mouth to object. "Look, just give it a chance. It's not what you think. There's no orgies, no swingers, no sex. It's just a beach, like any other beach. Except here, people are allowed to be naked."

I sighed in frustration. "Yeah, but I didn't agree to this, Leah. I've indulged your desire to be a nudist at home, but now you're putting me in a position where..."

"Relax," she interrupted. "You don't HAVE to get naked if you don't want to. But maybe once you see how it's not a big deal here, you'll be more comfortable with the idea."

Leah continued walking, turning back to me when she realized I wasn't moving. "Look, I'm sorry. If I told you ahead of time, you wouldn't have agreed. But you're here now. So I suppose you need to decide if you're coming, or gonna go sit in the car all day. Your choice."

Resigned, I followed her lead.

Leah was correct; the beach was far less crowded than the usual places we'd frequented. No screaming kids, no noisy families.

The few people I spotted as we made our way towards the water were older, many appearing around my age.

Everyone was spaced out with a respectful distance from each other, which I was happy about. Although we did pass several along the way as Leah searched for our own spot to claim.

The first people I saw up close were an elderly couple, both heavy set, both prone on their blanket. They looked like any other couple one might see on a beach, except of course that their asses were fully exposed.

Opposite them were another couple, perhaps in their forties at a glance. While the man was on his stomach on a towel, the woman beside him was sitting in a beach chair, reading a book.

Her breasts were spectacular. Whoever her plastic surgeon was, he'd earned every penny. I had to tear my eyes away so as not to be caught gawking.

Leah finally chose a spot and I gratefully plunked down the cooler and beach bag I'd been carrying our supplies in.

The day was still early, but already hot. Leah quickly removed the light coverall she wore over her bikini. But of course that didn't stay on long either. She was naked in moments.

"Such a beautiful day," she chirped happily. "The water looks amazing! Gonna go for a swim. Wanna join me?"

"Maybe in a few."

I tried not to stare at Leah's swaying bum as she jogged off to jump in the surf.

Instead I spread the blanket out, then found the sunscreen. I'd kept up with my tan at our pool enough to not worry about burning too much, but wanted to be cautious.

Peeling off my shirt, I lotioned myself thoroughly.

I felt awkward being the only person still wearing a suit. Several people wandered by, of various genders, shapes and ages. None of them so much as looked my way, and I tried to return that favor. Still, it was difficult not to look directly at the variety of genitalia.

Leah returned a few minutes later, and I found myself again grateful for the sunglasses I wore, because I couldn't help but stare as she approached; nude, dripping wet, a vision of pure beauty and, I realized, innocence.

She was my daughter. Not some stranger, not some female friend or coworker I might secretly harbor sexual thoughts about or imagine what they might look like under their attire.

For the first time since she'd walked into the kitchen naked three days ago, I started to think that I'd not just be able to tolerate her nudity, but fully accept it.

Leah sat beside me, her smile as bright as the sun above as she toweled herself dry. "The water is perfect! You really should try it!"

I returned her smile. "I will soon. Think I'm just gonna enjoy the sun and fresh air for a moment."

Allowing my eyes to again wander the area, I watched as the other nudists would pass us by.

Again, most of them never so much as looked our way.

I did catch a few of the men stealing glimpses at Leah as they passed by. And I suppose I couldn't blame them, really. She was the youngest and most attractive woman on the beach.

I was only offended as much as any father would be at seeing a man check out his daughter. But I also realized they'd be doing the same thing on a regular beach with her in a bikini.

Men are men; we can't help but look sometimes.

But no one leered. No rude or suggestive comments offered.

As one couple passed us by, the woman, who was quite fit and curvaceous, glanced my way and offered a friendly smile and nod.

While I of course admired her naked beauty, I impressed myself by merely returning her silent greeting and not lingering on her body as she continued along with her man.

Everyone around me looked so relaxed, so comfortable, so completely free of self conscious worry about their appearance, or their complete exposure.

Feeling inspired, I decided it was time to truly test myself.

I stood and untied the strings of my suit. I hesitated only a moment, taking a deep, calming breath, before sliding them down and kicking them off.

Leah watched from the blanket, grinning up at me as I stood there, naked to the world. "How's it feel?"

I considered her question a moment before answering. "Liberating."

Feeling impulsive, I ran off towards the water. It was cold, refreshing, and glorious.

I splashed around for several minutes, enjoying my newfound freedom.

My self consciousness kicked in again slightly once I left the water to return to our blanket. The chill had left my penis rather withdrawn and shriveled, and I suddenly felt like everyone on the beach was secretly laughing at how tiny it currently appeared, despite the fact not one person was actually looking at me.

I quickly pushed those fears aside. This wasn't about sex, and I had nothing to prove to anyone. I was confident enough in my manhood, and it's not like I was there to impress women anyway.

Rejoining Leah on the blanket, I reapplied the sunscreen, making sure to get the bits and pieces normally covered by my bathing suit as well, although I did keep the towel over me as I did so.

But once lotioned, I put the towel aside and lay on my back beside her, enjoying the feel of the sun on my naked body.

Later, I joined Leah when she again wanted to cool off in the water.

We swam together, talking and playfully splashing, and despite the bounce of her breasts and hardness of her nipples from the chill, I no longer looked at her nudity as a sexual thing.

Nor did I worry about her seeing my penis. It was just another body part, one that meant nothing to her in the context of our relationship. Other than it being the thing that helped create her, I suppose.

By the end of the day, I wasn't thinking about being naked at all.

And it was with some reluctance that I put my suit back on to leave.

After an early dinner at an outdoor café, we arrived home. Sweaty, more than a little sandy, but happy.

"Thank you for a lovely day, Daddy." Leah kissed me on the cheek. "Gonna go shower. Maybe after, we can play some chess, if you're interested."

"I'd love to, princess."

As I washed myself off in my own bathroom, I thought back on our day. My mind wandered as it often did in the shower, images flashing through my mind.

How clear the sky had been. How the sun reflected off the water.

How happy Leah had looked as we swam together, bouncing playfully in the surf.

The beautiful tits on that brunette sitting across from us. But not nearly as beautiful as my daughter's full, natural ones.

Leah's tight, round ass, as she lay on the blanket, her legs kicking in the air while she texted a friend.

The quick glance I'd taken at her plump vulva peeking out from between them, her delicate labia glistening with lotion and...

My cock was hard. I'd been stroking it without realizing it.

"Fuck! What am I doing?"

I was angry and disgusted with myself. I'd managed to go the whole day without once thinking about my daughter sexually, but now here I was, jerking off to my mental images of her.

I'd thought I'd gotten past that. But apparently, it wasn't so easy.

Determined, I shunted my taboo thoughts aside. My cock fought me for a few minutes, refusing to go soft, but eventually gave up when it understood I'd no longer feed its fantasy.

Finished my shower, I returned downstairs to find Leah in the family room, setting up the chessboard.

She looked confused as I entered. "You're dressed? I kinda thought you'd gotten past your discomfort."

I joined her at the table. "Look, Leah. I really did enjoy myself today. I understand it a little more now, so thank you. But I still, I don't know... now that it's just you and me, alone, it still feels a little weird to me. Not you being naked, I can handle that now. And maybe at the pool, or if we go to the beach again, but..."

"Hey, it's okay," she smiled. "I understand. Baby steps. Go at your own pace."

We chatted amicably during our game, Leah telling me more about her adventures overseas, and about her classes and plans for the upcoming semester.

During a break while we enjoyed some snacks, Leah looked suddenly nervous.

"Um, I wanted to ask you about something. I have a... friend. Elise. We met at the villa in France. She's in town, and wanted to come by to visit tomorrow, if that's okay?"

"Of course, your friends are always welcome here."

"She's..." Leah blushed furiously, struggling to speak.

Call it intuition, but I suddenly understood. "It's okay, Leah. Just say what's on your mind."

"She's more than just a friend, Dad," Leah managed. "She's my... we're..."

I took her hand. "Leah, you don't have to explain. I understand. I look forward to meeting her."

"Really?" Leah let out an audible sigh of relief. "Thank you, Daddy. I was so worried about what you'd think of me. That you'd... disapprove."

"Oh, Leah," I smiled. "Look, I know I haven't always been the best father. But don't ever think I won't accept you for who you are. Hell, I've learned to accept your nudist lifestyle. What makes you think I wouldn't be able to accept your girlfriend?"

Leah looked close to tears. "I just... I didn't think you wouldn't accept it. But I... worried."

"Seriously?" I chuckled. "You didn't think twice to worry about me accepting your nudism before walking into the kitchen, but you worried about me accepting your sexuality?"

That brought a smile back to her face. "You're right. And I'm sorry about that. It was pretty... drastic. But I've been wanting to tell you I'm gay for a long time. I think maybe it was my way of, I dunno, testing the waters or something."

"Oh, I'm far less shocked about you being gay than being a nudist," I laughed. "And it certainly won't be as difficult an adjustment for me."

"Well, it might be," Leah grinned. "Because, I hate to break it to you, Dad, but Elise is a nudist too."

My smile remained, even as I shook my head softly. "I suppose I shouldn't be the least bit surprised by that. It's fine. I'll deal with it. And I promise to try not to leer at her. But just do me one favor. I understand she's your girlfriend. Just try to keep any... physical displays of affection... to a minimum around me, okay?"

Leah smiled knowingly. "I understand. And I promise, we won't torture you that way."

We both stood at the same time. I hugged my daughter tightly, and despite her nudity, my thoughts remained fatherly.

"Thank you again, Daddy. For everything."

"Of course, princess."

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**Epilogue:**

Leah and Elise splashed playfully in the pool together as I watched them through the kitchen window.

For the most part, I'd given them their privacy, enjoying the sunshine with them earlier for a short while before volunteering to step inside and fix us all some lunch.

The girls were naked, of course.

I, however, still remained clothed. As far as I'd come in my views on nudism, I wasn't quite ready to flash my wares around my daughter's beautiful young girlfriend just yet.

As promised, I'd been respectful. Elise had stripped almost immediately after arriving, Leah having already informed her it was okay.

I didn't really get a good look at her body until she and Leah had come downstairs from the bedroom to head out to the pool.

She was taller and thinner than Leah, her frame slender when compared to Leah's more prominent curves.

Still, she was lovely. And apparently made my daughter very happy.

I watched as they embraced in the pool, their lips meeting, kissing playfully but with a hint of their, for now, suppressed desires.

At least they had waited for a moment when they thought I wouldn't see them.

I turned away, wishing to respect their privacy, and made a show of struggling loudly with the patio door before stepping outside to bring them lunch.

We ate together at the patio table, and I chatted amicably with them, getting to know Elise a little better, before eventually excusing myself to go back inside, with the excuse that I needed to tidy up the kitchen, then handle a few quick emails.

In my office, it wasn't my computer I reached for, but my phone.

"Hey, Maddy, it's Phil. Are you available this evening?

Her reply, as usual, was prompt:

"Sure thing, hun. Same time, same place?"

"Perfect. See you then."

I hesitated for a moment, but finally decided to send another message:

"You wouldn't happen to know a friend who might join us, would you?"

END.